

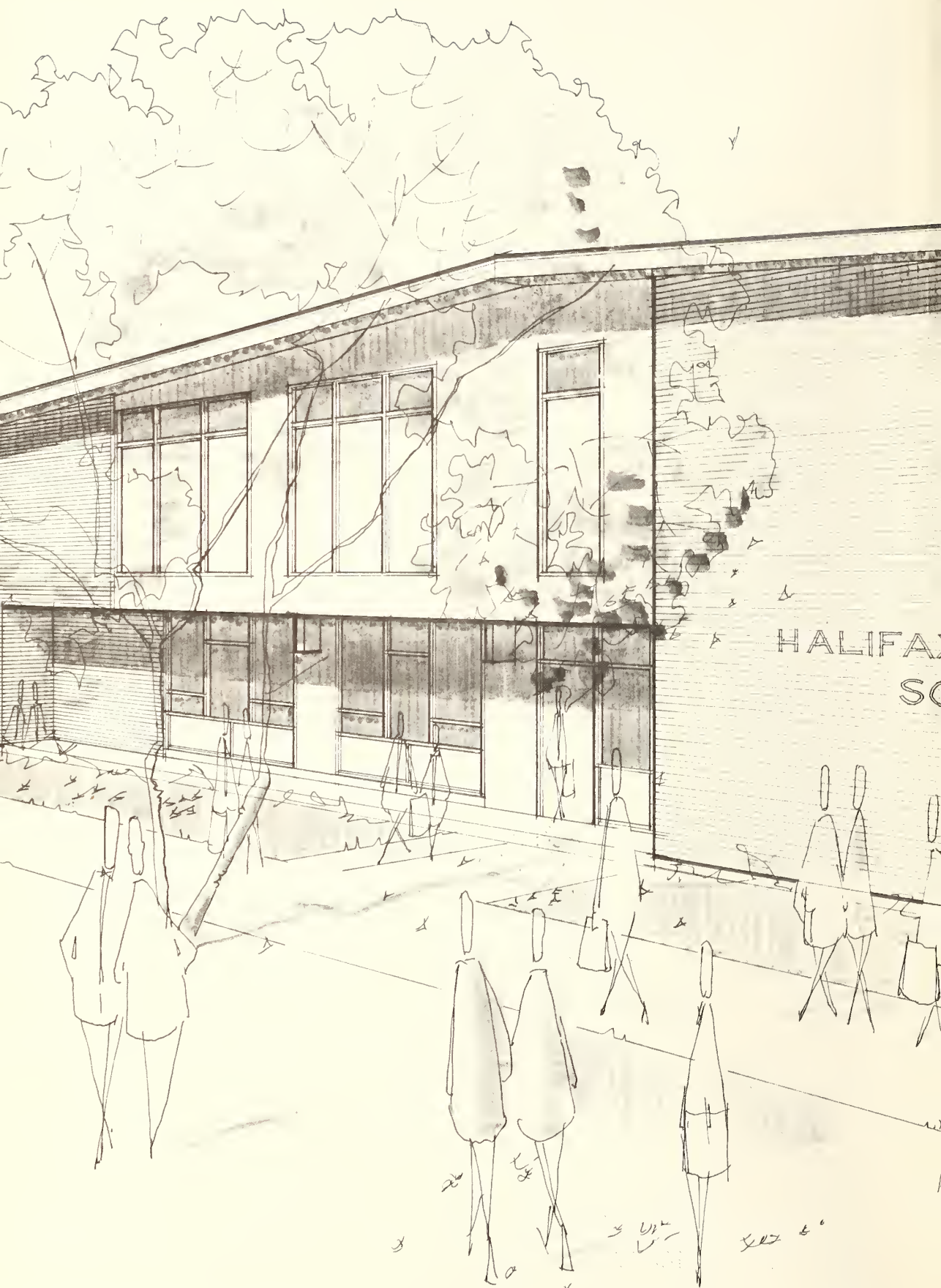
THE GRAMMARIAN

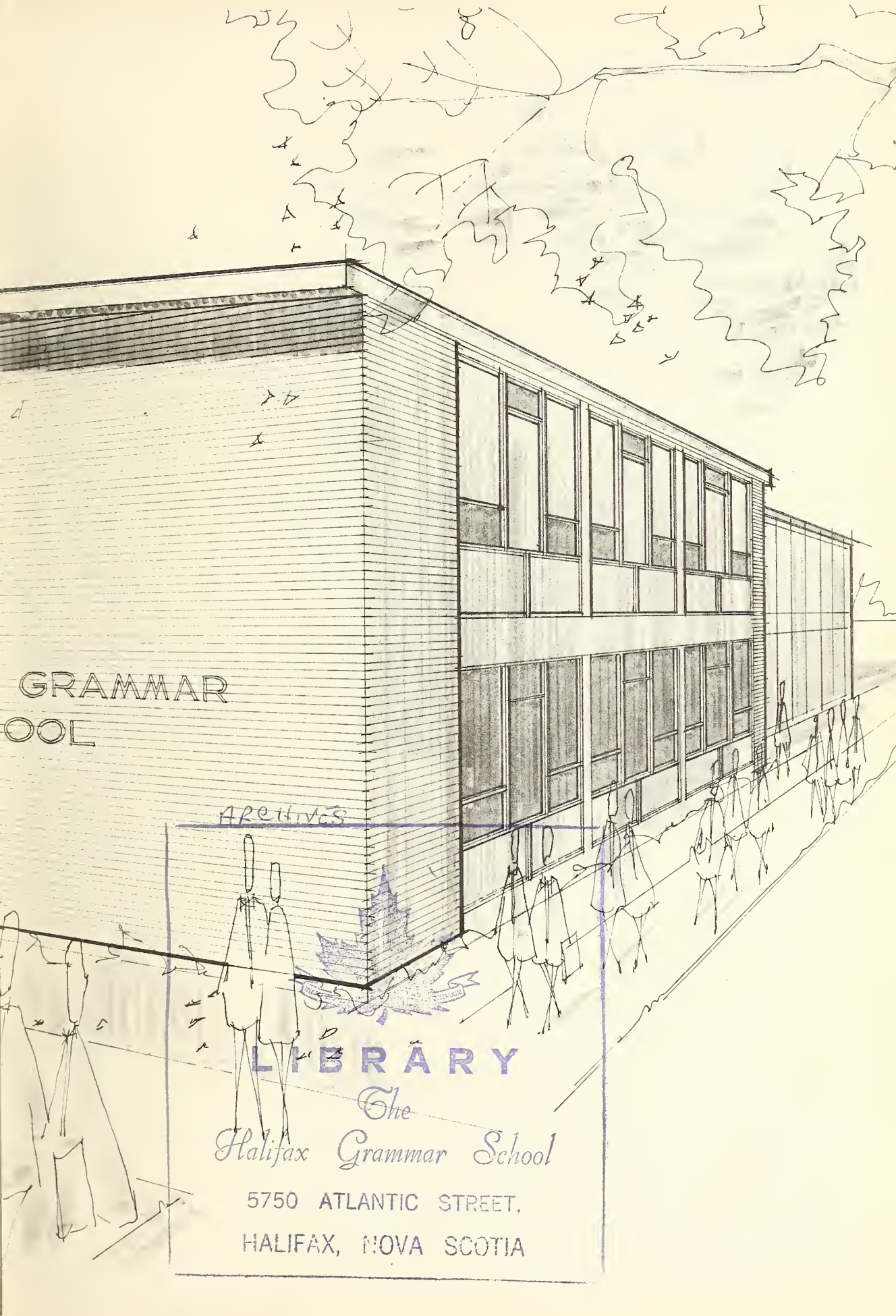


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1970

THE HALIFAX
GRAMMAR SCHOOL





GRAMMAR
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The
Halifax Grammar School

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*The Student Body
of
The Halifax Grammar School*



present

The Grammarian

1970

The Halifax Grammar School

5750 Atlantic Street
Halifax, Nova Scotia
June 1, 1970



This is the tenth anniversary edition of THE GRAMMARIAN and the second year of its appearance as a hard-cover yearbook.

The production of this annual publication is without doubt the most intricate and time-consuming extracurricular activity of the student body. The bulk of responsibility naturally devolves upon the Upper School, and on Mr. Karr, as staff adviser. It is a project that extends over the entire academic year. No less important than the writing, layout, photography, and art work is the dynamic contribution of those students who solicit the advertising that makes possible an ambitious publication of this calibre.

I cannot help being impressed and delighted at the spirit of team-work that goes into its production.

W. E. P. CURRIE
Headmaster



First row, left to right: D. Goldbloom, J. Glube, R. MacLelland, D. Hirsch, J. Crosby
 Second row: Mr. Karr, D. Wainwright, J. Doull, A. Tibbetts, R. Hawkins, G. Crosby

The Editorial Board

Editor-in-chief	Robert MacLelland
Assistant editor-in-chief	David Wainwright
Literary Editor	David Hirsch
Assistant Literary Editor	Jane Doull
Art and Photography Editor	David Goldbloom
Assistant Art and Photography Editor	Alan Tibbetts
Activities Editor	James Crosby
Assistant Activities Editor	Gregory Crosby
Advertising Manager	John Glube
Assistant Advertising Manager	Robert Hawkins
Faculty Advisor	James Karr

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We are indebted once again to Leslie R. Fairn and Associates for the architectural rendering which appears as the front end-papers.

For typing we say a sincere thank you to Claire Morash, James Crosby, Mrs. J. Nichols, Mrs. R. Tibbetts, Miss C. Chopra, Mrs. R. Glube, Mrs. F. McAuley, and any others whose names we have overlooked.

There are many others to whom we are indebted for a variety of helpful gestures. To all we express our sincere appreciation.

Pictures of the sections of the mural made by Upper Two serve as separator pages. This mural is soon to be installed in the Izaak W. Killam Memorial Children's Hospital.



The Faculty

First row, left to right: Mme. Lalonde, Mrs. Cassidy, Mr. Karr, Mr. Currie, Mr. Spencer, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Scobbie

Second row: Mr. Bradon, Mrs. von Maltzahn, Mrs. Fox, Mr. Benvie, Dr. Morris, Mr. Johnstone, Mrs. McCarthy, Mrs. Embree, Mrs. Crocker

Absent: Mrs. Grant, Mr. Morgan, Dr. Rolland

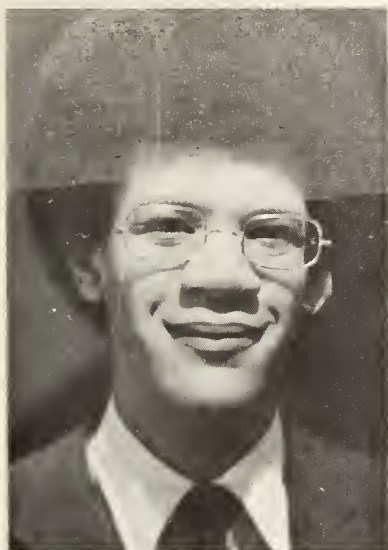


MISS MacINTYRE



MISS MONROE

The Graduating Class



HARRIS LEE BARTON

"Euclid alone has looked on beauty bare".

Harris has always been an outstanding student. His genius in mathematics has long been recognized and he can frequently be seen helping his less-enlightened classmates in this demanding science. Although he spends a great deal of time on his work, he knows how to enjoy himself, to which his active social life will attest.

His sense of humour is no handicap. His response to kidding about his snappy clothes and spongey hair is refreshing: a loud laugh and a wild, rhythmic stamping of feet.

CHARLES GLUEK

"How forcible are right words".

Chuck is one of the most active members of Upper Four, being a valuable member of the hockey team, basketball team, and the Trojan Aquatic Club. Chuck has a humorous remark for every occasion and never hesitates to make fun of himself in order to make someone laugh. Chuck, in spite of his seemingly epicurean character, is a conscientious student and will be sadly missed when he goes to Dartmouth College in the United States for his degree next year.





GLEN HEGGIE

"On life's vast ocean diversely we sail".

Glen has contributed his individualism to the class along with quick responses to any remark. His hobbies are as interesting as his character, ranging from motor bikes and sports to medicine and autopsies. This member of our Hockey Team is giving up his goalie gear for lacrosse equipment this summer, and Dalhousie will be blessed with his unreserved comments on anything next year.

FRANCIS McGUIRE

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediment".

With a distinctive laugh and a typically French mind, extremely perceptive to any inference, Francis has certainly quickened the atmosphere in Room 206. Francis, our man of the world, has enlightened the Student Council, pontificated knowledgeably about the weaker(?) sex, kissed Stanfield, and exhibited the "savoir-faire" of his feet on the soccer field. With his French heart right where it should be, Francis will certainly continue making friends and entrancing the ladies of Dalhousie next year.



CLAIRE MORASH

"Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together".

Possessing a rare degree of humanity Claire has won the quiet admiration of the class. Although rarely outspoken, she is endowed with the abilities of a computer and the perception of a mystic. In all the history of the school few have ever been able to say so much in so few words, or to hide so much in so few looks. Leaving her place in the French class to some lucky student, Claire plans to attend Dalhousie next year where she will major in French.

SUSAN NICHOLS

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute. . . ."

Susan Nichols, half the class's female population, has maintained her own, even in the face of the combined assaults (and insults) of its "men". Her, "Aw, come on, fellas", brings any yapping pack of males "to heel". Like a flower she thrives in heat and deflates, with the efficiency of a Venus flytrap, anyone who opens any window, anywhere, anytime. (It is sincerely hoped she will find the halls of Acadia hot enough). She will be sadly missed as a force for positive action by the student body, especially in her capacity as President of the Student Council.



DAVID RHUDE

"What cannot a neat knave, with a smooth tale, make a woman believe?"

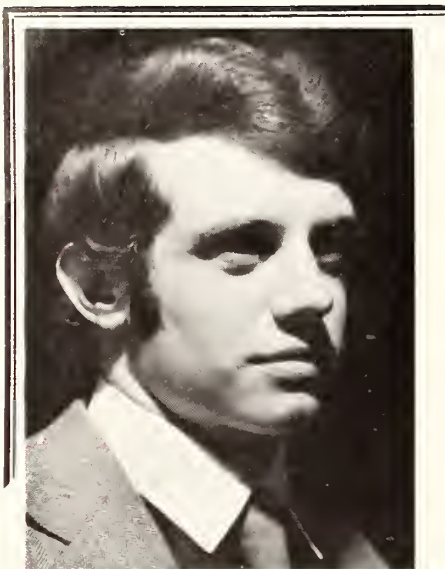
One reliable source has it that Dave Rhude is the Casanova of Upper 4. "Who's that source?" you demand. Why it's David Rhude, of course. Our top form's veteran student, Dave thought for some years that his school books belonged in his desk. This year we notice a marked change. A great skiing and sailing fan, Dave still finds that books occupy more of his time than he really likes. Dave's quick smile and good will are well known around the school, and Dalhousie's gain next year is certainly H.G.S.'s loss. We all wish Dave good luck in the History Department of the Faculty of Arts, although the history that he will study is highly speculative at the moment.

KENNETH VAUGHAN

"Mens sana in corpore sano".

When the awards are given for the world's worst jokes, Ken will most certainly get first prize. Although his jokes are poor, his interest in sports is great. Ken was the captain of the Soccer Team and a member of the table tennis '70' team. In fact "the" athlete of U-4 plans to take Physical Education at Dalhousie next year. After completing his B. Phys. Ed., Ken will do graduate work in Divinity at Kings College in Halifax.





JOHN WELBOURN

"A Man for all Seasons".

(Don) John, conditioned to the joys of life at the Grammar School by long years of hard experience, is the perfect combination of brawn, beauty, and brain. In his less athletic moments, this intrepid skiing Mercury enjoys living up to his reputation as a sex symbol. In his more athletic moments he enjoys chasing his reputation up and down the ski slopes. John's wit, like his temper that sometimes breaks through his "suave" exterior, is quick and deadly. His ability in the art of repartee has made him a valuable member of our "Reach for the Top" team. What will the Grammar School do without him?

The Student Body



UPPER THREE

First row, left to right: J. Crosby, R. MacLelland, P. Talbot, L. Webber, W. Price, V. Slauenwhite

Second row: J. Glube, I. Youle, D. Tingley, K. Chopra, S. Richardson, E. Ling, Mrs. Cassidy

Third row: M. Quigley, D. Hirsch, D. Goldbloom, M. Monahan, H. Corston, J. Still, A. Finley, L. Edelstein



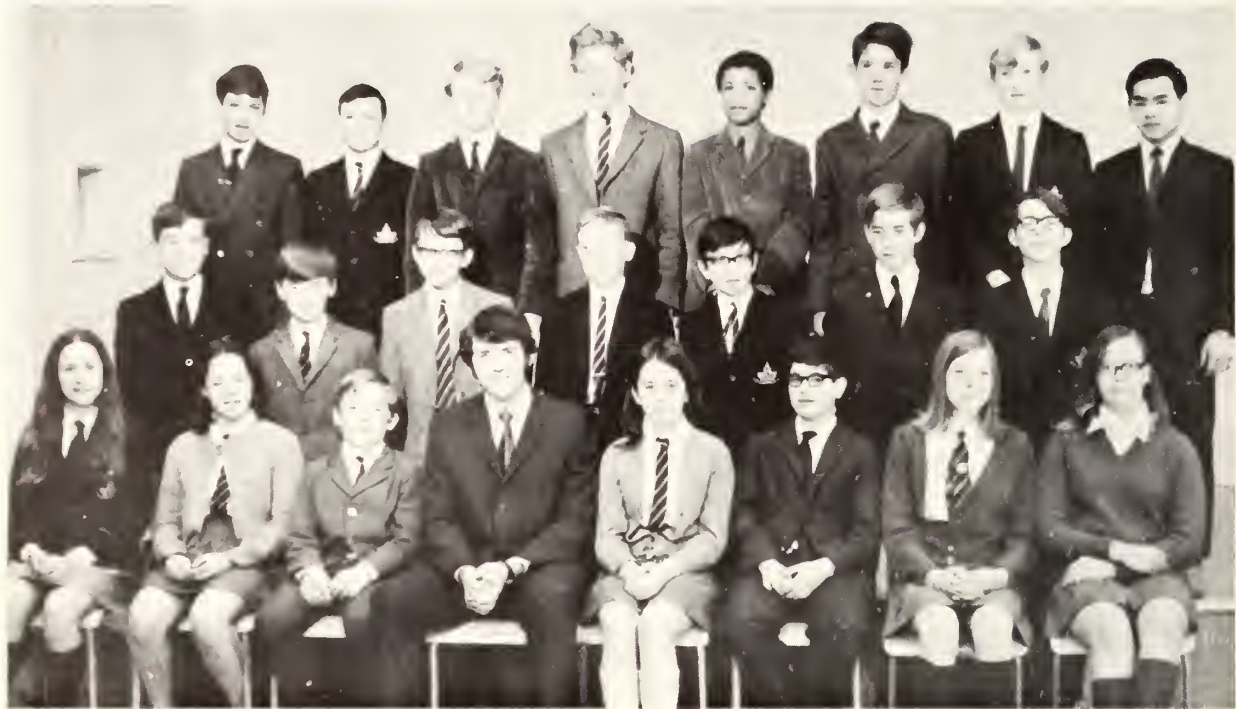
UPPER TWO

First row, left to right: M. Newman, J. Mingo, E. Simpson, A. Tibbetts, J. Rhude, L. Berall
 Second row: D. Wainwright, P. Merchant, J. Doull, R. Hawkins, R. Richardson, G. Crosby
 Absent: Dr. Morris



UPPER ONE

First row, left to right: Mr. Bradon, B. Thomson, B. Medjuck, M. Latter, D. Joudrey, C. von Maltzahn, A. MacLachlan, P. Bryson
 Second row: J. Longley, W. Lim, T. Gillis, D. Black, G. Campbell, R. Grant, J. Colwell
 Third row: R. Hirsch, P. Evans, T. Reid, M. Burnstein, P. Wainwright



MIDDLE FOUR

First row, left to right: V. Grant, K. Norwood, A. Gillis, Mr. Benvie, V. McGuire, D. Newman, S. Masson, J. Greening

Second row: R. Finley, D. Haldane, D. Guy, P. Ward, R. Aterman, J. Price, C. Matheson

Third row: S. Acker, C. Brandys, G. Buhr, D. Hogan, J. Neal, R. Rankin, J. McAuley, E. Lim



MIDDLE THREE

First row, left to right: R. Gordon, P. Medjuck, A. Merchant, G. Youle, R. Quigley, P. Murphy, L. Tingley, G. Auld

Second row: R. Walker, A. Shaw, D. Murray, Mrs. Crocker, B. Oland, E. Mitchell, N. Hill, J. Grantmyre

Third row: A. Lim, C. Piercey, M. Raymond



MIDDLE TWO

First row, left to right: K. Gordon, R. Boyd, D. Ritchie, Mr. Johnstone, J. Lindgren, P. Aterman, M. Kehoe, P. Macnab

Second row: H. Glube, M. Burnstein, W. Mayo, K. Honig, J. Mingo, N. von Maltzahn, D. Ottman, C. Schandl, G. Clark

Third row: C. Ward, M. Newman, A. Lynk, E. Jannasch, C. Morrow, M. Pugsley, N. Palmer, P. Richardson



MIDDLE ONE

First row, left to right: A. Clark, J. Grantmyre, J. Bugden, A. Grantmyre, M. Sullivan, D. Byrom, R. Cohn

Second row: Mr. Spencer, P. Whitby, J. Welch, R. Flint, H. Conter, D. Price, P. Hunt, J. Schwartz

Third row: J. Mitchell, J. Wedlake, M. Masson, T. Manuge, C. Shaw, M. Lawvere, C. Carver, S. Hawkins



PREP FOUR

First row, left to right: T. Ozere, R. Merchant, F. Tibbles, S. Byrom, G. Thompson, R. Hirsch
 Second row: Mme. Lalonde, V. Cunningham, M. Manuge, R. Oland, T. Terriss, B. Fairn, B. Maclean, S. Stevens
 Third row: J. Murphy, P. Johnston, G. Gruner, N. Guy, W. McDermid, S. Murray, J. Mackay



PREP THREE

First row, left to right: C. Norvell, A. Whitby, M. Rankin, S. Newman, C. Monahan, J. Shane
 Second row: P. Quigley, P. Graham, P. Aterman, D. Linton, B. Poetschke, J. Welch, C. Koppnaes, S. Kirke, W. Roscoe, J. Williams, J. Ritchie
 Third row: A. Porter, M. Honig, P. Gow, B. Maclean, D. Carver, D. Harris, W. Manzig



PREP TWO

First row, left to right: M. Lynk, M. Moore, R. Samek, P. Farmer, M. Hawkins, N. Mingo
 Second row: Mrs. McCarthy, T. Conter, J. Blanchard, P. Buell, N. Rastogi, A. Welch, L. Tierney
 Third row: J. Ritchie, J. Aquino, K. Harris, L. Medjuck, E. Peaslee, C. Ozere, P. Hart



PREP ONE


First row, left to right: P. Atherton, J. Beis, C. Mingo, L. Fox, L. Warner, A. Pugsley, M. Vohra, C. Stevens
 Second row: Mrs. Wright, S. Walling, N. Bright-Asare, J. Embil, R. Vethamany, R. Smith, T. Norvell, N. Byrom, H. LePierres, R. St. Clair P. McCarthy

Literature

Poetry — First Prize

William Price—U3

THE GLORY OF WAR—TWENTIETH CENTURY VERSION



I touch emptiness
After the bomb
Has dropped. Feel the sores
Of poison in your veins.
Do not cry. The dead do not complain
Or rant against fate.

Generals prepare defences.
They build more missiles
To kill for peace
And establish the brotherhood of man.

I sit in the radioactive wilderness
And cut my hand on a piece of glass.
My land is dead. Why kill it?
It could not harm you — life does not kill.

Murderer, you destroyed my life. And yours.
Sentry at gibbet, you wait for your own hanging.

Sorrow
Sitting in the darkness moaning
Cries like the radiation-sick child
At Nagasaki. The century dies
In anguish, in a defecation
Of nuclear waste.

Loneliness
Is dying by the ruined sea alone
And lost in thoughts
Of madness. Death
Approached like an idiot, gibbering
And laughing. I run
To get away
Or die in a corner with myself
Avoid this nightmare. But I can't
And end
Like everyone else.

A CHRISTIAN VISION

It was a gull, a seagull crying
To the jagged wilderness
Of hope, and faith, and love undying
And eternal tenderness.
A sea-song, fresh with the air
Of salt cod singing to God
And fishwharves lying
Wrapped in grace.

A HAIKU FOR ALL MEN

Man's sorrow
Wrapping grief
In small packages
For me alone

Poetry — Second Prize

Michele Raymond—M3

LINES

Lines can go on forever;
Lines can go on and on;
Follow your line 'til it leads you
Up to the gate of the dawn
Still your line passes onward,
Through the horses that guard the Gate
To the Land of Eternal Dawn.
Lines can go on for ever;
Lines can go on and on.
Follow your line
'Till it leads you . . .
To the God who radiates Dawn.

Short Story — First Prize

DISCOVERY

Jane Doull—U2

As the light of evening spread through the sky, she stood, looking out into an invisible eastern horizon, yet seeing nothing, neither the ostentatious automobiles, nor the stolid square brick houses, all alike, nor the struggling brown shoots of grass, nor the brightly illuminated picture windows. Nor did she wish to see these things, for they could never give her whatever it was she needed.

In exasperation, she wheeled away abruptly from the window, and as if dismissing what she wished no more of, firmly drew the curtain across.

The rest of the family, she knew, would be occupied with their usual amusements; the television was loudly blaring out some trite entertainment; she could rest assured that her absence would go unnoticed. She looked about once more, slung an old coat over her shoulders, then slipped unobtrusively out.

She threw a glance at the car, complacently waiting in the garage; no, it would not serve her purposes; it was too much an inexorable part of what she must escape. Yet, thinking better of it, she turned toward the garage, and, in a moment, under her apathetic hand, the vehicle was gliding down the drab street.

Over miles of asphalt she drove, until at last she alighted by a deserted field. She could see endless stretches of grey looking highway (an inspired creation of man, she reflected

wryly) but to the other side, even under her feet lay grass, awakening from a winter of torpor, and even further away, the wild, but serene ocean.

Ruthlessly turning her back on the man-made world, she stared coldly into the distance, thinking.

Once, she had carelessly whiled away year after year in a small quiet town, absorbed into the easy and simple sweep of pleasure. Everywhere there stood white frame houses, impeccable picket fences, neat vegetable plots; and the old general store filled with young and old, crying for or laughing about trifles.

Later, however, the sun having set over this village, she was immersed in the pressures and excitement of the bustling city, where she found herself, day and night, reading and writing voraciously, and taking into her life culture and sophistication. And when she returned to that old village, the apparent calm and superfluity of the old existence had, somehow palled.

These years had given her such a store of nervous energy and such an appetite for the novel and the interesting that domesticity was unbearable. Her marriage was by now over, which itself was rather a relief.

She had read; she had observed, so she thought, the best of the world; she frequently engaged in intelligent conversation; she could not endure gossip or "small talk." She liked to consider herself highly cultivated and educated.

Yet, she was no longer satisfied. For some reason, life had come to seem dreary, shallow, without hope. The weight of this hopelessness was bearing down on her beyond endurance.

Was she not living a full life? Had she not everything which could make life worth living? For the first time she felt uncertain of the answer to these questions: she felt herself to be unprepared for the truth.

She had never been so querulous, so irritable, so intolerant as she was now; or perhaps had this always been her real nature, latent but ever-present, and had she only now recognized it? Had all these years been smothered in oblivion? And finally she realized that the only possible conclusion was the one she least wanted to face. No, life as she had been living it was not life at all, but nothing more than a pageant, colourful, perhaps, but empty; and when this pageant was stripped momentarily of its bright, outward trappings, nothing remained.

As the world sank into darkness and the stars rushed out, she walked through the field, thoughtfully pressing down the grass with her feet, and meditating this hard fact with all its implications. And when, at last, she returned to the harsh world of her fellow-creatures, no, she had no answers. Life, death, truth—the meanings of these words which have eluded mortals since the beginning of time eluded her also. However, a flash of light had hit her; by its illumination, she now sensed that the tangible alone was nothing, as was the intangible if it was not comprehended from all angles, but there was something greater and of more value, without which no one had everything and every one had nothing.

This, she was sure, had not been suggested by her own reasoning; it must be a product of the depths of the subconscious; for how she should understand it was quite uncertain. What was such a revelation to her? Was she not numbered among the enlightened, those who knew life and what mattered? However, the same sub-conscious voice interjected a note of discord. What had been her goal — to enlighten herself, others, the world, to utilize the resources of the world to her own ends or those of others, to save the universe from destruction? This question she never could have answered, for she had never had a goal; meaningful ideals, a philosophy of life, ambitions probably, and aspirations certainly, she had had; but never a goal.

And, once again within her silent dark house, she gave herself up to a desperate straining toward reconciliation of idealism and realism, possibility and impossibility. This reconciliation could never come about in a few short hours; it was the task of a lifetime. Yet, when she finally collapsed on her bed, in the early hour of the morning, she sensed that to seek to achieve this end was as necessary to her as life itself. .

Honorable Mention

RECENT ACQUISITION

Paul Talbot—U3

"Seven-O-Nine heavy wheels time on the big fifty-eight as we kick off another great solid gold weekend with the Doors!" In a single motion, the whirling dervish cut off the mike switch and loaded up a spotmaster for the next jingle. He always did at least two things at a time and never made a noticeable mistake. Radio broadcasting has been his passion for thirteen years, and he saw no end in sight to his career. Pulse ratings had forty-two thousand listeners turning him on, and the station's management was quite pleased with him as they always had been since dragging him away from Denver's KLIR back in sixty-six.

Bill Webster was America's number one disc-jockey and he worked for it.

"Jim Morrison and the Doors on WMCA—Hey boys and girls, you know that clinical research indicates that over sixty per-cent of you thrill seekers are troubled by scummy old acne—and baby that's where Pingo comes in handy. . . ."

Bill had a way with those teen-directed ads, as his voice was frantic enough to demand attention, yet at the same time, mellow enough to be trusted. Last month he had recorded a series for Pssssss Hairspray and his voice was heard in every state. He commanded respect from other jocks in the trade, and was a national celebrity whom everyone had heard but no one knew. But the only person Bill had any respect for was S. Hal Woodley.

Hal was the Station Manager who started him off in radio thirteen years ago in Backwater, Georgia, spinning Jim Reeves's records and reading ads for the Bijou. Bill never quite forgot Hal, although he was slipping further and further back into fogginess.

Hal had always told him to be careful with his earnings, and Bill had never squandered it away. He lived simply but adequately in a small apartment and invested most of a hundred thousand a year income which provided him with a tidy sum to fall back on should his mystique ever vanish. His only luxury was a professional sound system which kept him occupied at home when he should have been in a tavern. He was always quick to catch on to new releases and once thought of putting out a tipsheet, but rejected the idea. Four years had gone by in New York, and he had still not succumbed to the joys of urban living he had dreamed of back in Donaldsville. He didn't exactly miss feeding the hogs, but he felt that life went by too quickly, and the rigid pressure of his job had to be contended with. He was determined to keep himself from falling into a rut, for his light, whimsical style was his living.

And Bill was not only an adept jock but a top-notch consultant. His recommendations were rarely adhered to but when they were, ratings usually soared. When Bill took a new idea to Station Manager, Peter Urbis, he was suavely dealt with to avoid any ruffling of his feathers. Urbis saw Webster's proposals as idiotic and either too old-fashioned or too revolutionary.

"After all, with forty thousand listeners, we can't take any drastic measures now can we, kid? I don't see how you can stand stand here and tell me we've got a worn-out formula when more kids turn us on every day."

"But my series of jingles would cut down on wasted time by all these oratorios and needless repetition. After all, Peter, we're a radio station, not an opera house."

"Sure, sure, Billy, I know what you mean. I'll give it another thought: now get outta here; I've got work to do you know."

And again, Bill left. Last week he wanted more soul on the playlists; the week before, it was too many live ads; before that some promotion ideas, but he had been getting the same treatment for four years now.

Bill had an hour to kill before airtime, and the show was all prepared. When he was mad at something or just had nothing else to do, he usually had a coke and read BILLBOARD. Today, a CASHBOX was grabbed and he savagely thumbed through it, pretending to read, but actually just going through the motions. It was soon discarded in favor of some recent

mail he had overlooked. One letter in particular grabbed his attention, because of its Kingston, Jamaica, cancellation. He ripped it open and recognized Hal's handwriting. He hadn't heard from him in a coon's age, and started reading:

Dear Bill:

A year ago when Stan kicked the bucket, I figured I'd better quit the game for a spell and sold the station to a Yankee outfit. She brought in ninety-five grand and I headed for the old place at Ocho Rios. Anyhow, I'm still here and just lying around not doin' too much of anything.

Well, laying it on the line, Bill, I want to start a station in Kingston. Jamica has almost two million people and our only competition would be five local stations—only one in Kingston—and all government run. I figure if we ran in there with a clean rock-pushing powerhouse, we'd get away from the rat race and live a real good life. Bill—I'm really happy here and think you'd be too. I realize it wouldn't be easy for you to pack it all up and move down here and I figure you're quite happy at MCA. But if you want, give me a call and I'll fly up this weekend so we can talk things around. Just give me a call or cable, man, it's been a helluva long time, Billy, and this place is better than the backwater county—peaceful—except for Yankee tourists.

Cordially,
Hal

Bill went over the letter a couple more times kicking the idea around. Hal was phoned and told to "come on up."

His arrival was late Friday afternoon: Bill saw a bronzed, smiling, healthy Hal. His fifty-three years didn't show. The argyle socks and green suits were gone. During the show he kept Bill company and at seven-thirty, the two left to eat dinner.

At first Bill wasn't really used to having a friend again, but it wasn't long before the two were going over the venture in earnest. Between them was more than enough money to go through with the whole deal, and both of them agreed that it was a great idea. Hal flew back the next morning with the understanding that Bill would be down in a couple of weeks.

"It's like starting out all over again, but having something to fall back on. You're doin' a world of good for me, Bill." And soon the "Real" Bill Webster had to close the curtains, turn off the tensor light, and figure it out all over again in his sleep.

Phone rings, Bill grunts, turns over. Rings again, grabs it.

"Hello? No, I don't wanna free dance lesson." And then it was nonstop sleep until the clock radio lured him back into consciousness. ". . . spring sale at Macy's starting today! DUBBLYEWEMSEYAY, FIFFFTEYYATE Dale Dorman slippin' the goodies to ya onna murky Monday morning baby goin' hitbound with Chicago and make me SMYULLL!!!"

"Children play, in the park, they don't know I'm alone, in the dark, even though-ho. . ." And then come the tribal customs he was so familiar with: Gillette Foamy, Lemon-Lime, Shower, orange juice, bacon and eggs, Listerine, waiting, waiting, waiting for an elevator. "Good Morning," "Fine, thanks," smiling, summoning a cab, tipping, coming to office building, waiting, waiting, waiting for an elevator "Hello," "Same to you pal," "Gee, glad you liked it," "No, it's a lot better now," "Excuse me."

The game was adeptly played: he knew all the rules and he knew all the nice things to say and he knew that today he would retire from the league. The Facade was kept intact until the dying minutes of the final quarter.

"I'm sorry Mr. Webster, but Mr. Urbis is extremely busy at the moment. Can I give him a message for you?"

"Yes please, would you let him know that I'd like to see him before the day. . ." The sound of a quick rap on the office door and a muffled "dammit" cut him short. The secretary made a pretense of reading the morning's mail. Bill knocked on the door and immediately entered to see Urbis, screwdriver in one hand and putter in the other, enjoying a simulated morning on the green. Pulse ratings were pompously pinned up on a bulletin board, and over a cabinet was hung Rousseau's "Sleeping Gypsy," except that under her head was a transistor radio.

"Whady'll you have, Bill?"

"Nothing thanks, just a nice talk. I know you're extremely busy, but this shouldn't waste too much of your valuable time."

"Shoot."

"I'm doing my last show for you this afternoon, Urbis."

"If you want a raise kid, just let me know. I'll think about it and let you know tomorrow."

"You don't listen too well, do you?"

"What's that? I heard you say you're quitting—oh excuse me, retiring, that sounds nicer, doesn't it? Now you didn't hear me very well either. We'll give you another ten a year."

"No Urbis, I'm leaving."

"Yeah, leaving. After all I've done for you and you're not even grateful. What am I going to do?"

"First thing you might try is one of your memos. And then an ad in BILLBOARD. You're not that stupid, Urbis."

"I'm not, but you are! Leaving a number-one station without thinking it over. Think about it for a few days, Kid, and then we'll talk it over, okay?"

"Goodbye, Urbis."

"Yeah, yeah. See you in a few days, Kid."

And the ritual continued. Calling movers, throwing a lease-breaking party, selling the furniture, closing the bank account, and all the rest of those petty little things that mattered so much. He had his plane ticket and was ready to take off.

Two days later, a taxi took him by the exit ramps and billboards he hated. Past the housing projects where thousands of pimple-faced radio fans turned him on every day, and over the gray deserts on the way to the airport.

Bill landed in Kingston a few hours later and, after being cleared through customs, met Hal at the airport bar. Soon the cement turned to dirt, skyscrapers were transformed into small buildings, but most important he was working with Hal again, and Hal was the same, even though the argyle socks were gone.

Essay—First Prize

Leah Edelstein—U3

ON BECOMING MATURE

Contrary to the false illusion of today's young people, maturing is not a process of the body. It does not come automatically in teen-hood, and can not be perceived through physical appearance. Growing sideburns or mustaches, smoking, getting a car, standing with the "crowd" on street corners, telling anecdotes of "what we two did last night"—these are all tricks which teenagers employ to pronounce themselves "mature"—with negative results.

The process of maturing takes place inside an individual. It is an introspection, a self-criticism, and a determination to overcome one's many shortcomings. Growing mature is, therefore, a different process for different people. To some it is the assertion of independence—not from the "establishment" with revolt and irresponsibility, not from Dad with contempt and disrespect — but from the crutches of conformity, of "prefabricated" opinions, petty prejudices, and passivity, which society provides for those who are unable to stand up by themselves. To others, being mature means being responsible — responsible students, able to work for themselves, responsible people, willing to accept duties and see them

through, and eventually, responsible citizens, interested in their country and caring enough to vote.

Maturity is all this—and much more: it is the growing out of the “childhood” of the mind.

To a child the mirror yields nothing but beauty and perfection. In the black abyss below his white pedestal are mortals with mortal faults which he is first to perceive and cry out against—not so with a mature person, who strives to correct his own faults before lashing out at those of others.

A child has desires; they enslave him. He becomes a victim of his whims; be they fulfilled, he becomes greedy and spoilt; when denied, he is frustrated and moody, not so with an adult, who is in command of his emotions and practises self-discipline.

Refused another's toys, a child will deprecate them, that his own may seem prettier; failing to attain a friend's perfection, he will tear it apart, that his own lack may seem justified —. He who is mature respects another's talents and makes them his personal pride.

A child chooses his friends merely by their attire or material possessions—and will be the one to hurl the first stone when these are lost or exhausted. He is machiavellian and, when in the company of his select “elite,” will think nothing of maligning a former friend to get into favour with the new. An adult prizes true friendship above all emotions, bases it on true understanding, and is last to speak ill of it.

Becoming mature is, without doubt, a difficult process. It requires of an individual a real sincerity with himself, the ability to admit and criticize his own failings, and a true determination to overcome them. It is for this reason that many remain children all their lives.

Essay — Second Prize

David Hirsch

SEASCAPE

The skies were grey, but far off on the brink of the horizon the sun appeared as a disk through a thick haze. The horizon made an imperceptible transition to the sea, which reflected the greyness above it.

Taking in all the sights around him, mixed with the pungent smell of fish and of sea air, an old man walked slowly by the harbour and down one of the quays. At its edge he stopped and surveyed the sea. His face, strangely tranquil in the midst of the restless sea, was that of a sailor. There was no mistaking the leathery skin and the discerning eyes, which held a look of approval for the scene to which they were so accustomed. He was dressed for warmth in a thick wool sweater, coarse trousers, and heavy shoes. A narrow-peaked cap completed his attire, which was so typical of the old pensioners like him who abounded in this town so close to the sea in every aspect.

He walked on to the end of a quay, as if expecting something. But no ship intruded upon the emptiness of the harbour. No sound could be heard but the slow ripple of the grey waters, and the distant mournful wail of a foghorn. Then, far off on the distant horizon delicate shapes appeared. As they approached, they could be identified as seagulls; their white bodies wheeled and dipped from the troughs of the waves to the highest heights of the sky. Their keen eyes soon sighted the lone figure, and they, flew toward him quickly. The old man, at his turn, soon recognised their swooping flight. A smile broke over his wrinkled face, and as the birds approached, his eyes radiated a benevolent light, as if he was experiencing some great inner peace.

In the melancholy yellow of the setting sun which had finally penetrated the haze, the sea-birds swooped about the old man as he fed them breadcrumbs. He called each one by name, and the birds responded with their cries. A conversation between man and nature in the midst of great natural beauty, perhaps one never to be repeated by anyone but this enigmatic old man on the edge of life, was taking place.

At last the man bid farewell to his strange friends as they flew off into the blood-red disk of the sun, making its final plunge into the sea. The man's mind soared with them into the unknowable regions of the night sky. He had no fear of his end though he was very old; he was at one with nature, and his soul was not alone.

Middle Two

First Prize

DAWN

Kenneth Gordon

It was dark,
Then a light flashed across the sky,
The clouds burst
And flew away,
A fiery ball showed itself
From the east the light came.
I stood staring
As it hypnotized my brain.
It showed me happiness,
While the lands all around filled with life.
The birds chirped
And the whole earth seemed to wake up.
I strolled along the paths,
Trying to remember that beautiful sight.
I wondered if I would ever behold that sight
again.
To be filled with the joy of being alive
And knowing that nature is beautiful
Wherever you go.

Second Prize

MY MIND

Andrew Lynk

Tis a secret within me,
Who I do not know
Tis a whirlwind of thoughts
Parts of thoughts and wholes.
A person within me
Who creates and destroys.
He is a form of unexplainable
Within my own brain,
And hope of finding him
Is fruitless and in vain.

Middle One

First Prize

PEOPLE

Ann Grantmyre

People are very sensitive to races, creed
and colour even if they say they are not.
You must have respect for people even if you
have a dislike for them.

People usually fight because of anger
and disrespect, but people steal and kill be-
cause of neglect and sometimes in defense.
People often lie because they are afraid; a
brave person hardly ever lies, but a person
that is afraid and can't face the truth often
lies. But since no one is perfect, we all have
lied, stolen and fought sometimes.

Second Prize

A PIT

Cathy Shaw

Lonely unwanted hole of dark.
Cold and greedy place for sadness.
Dirty and roomy.
If someone goes in?
In they stay.

Prep Four

First Prize

THE PIPER'S SONG

Jennifer Thompson

As the piper walked along with me,
On a hot and sunny day,
I asked him if he'd play a song,
Before I retired for the day.

The piper agreed to play for me,
Before I went to bed,
So not long afterwards he played to me,
Oh' such a magnificent song.

Birds in the sky,
And fish in the sea,
Flew and swam with glee,
To hear the song of perfect cheer.

O, thank you, my piper, for playing that song,
It will keep me happy all the night long.
As long as I live I will never forget,
The wonderful song that you played.

Second Prize

HICCUPS

Jennifer Thompson

"Daddy, will you please try to get rid of those enormous hiccups," giggled Margery. "They make me choke on my food." "I can't uh-uh help it," replied Father. "Daddy will have to go to bed," said Mommy. "I uh-uh think so too," said Margery, trying to imitate her father. Daddy got up from the table and went into the bathroom to brush his teeth. While brushing them he hiccuped again and choked on his toothpaste. Then from the bathroom came a combination of hiccuping and coughing. Mother and Margery laughed.

After a while Mommy decided to go upstairs to bed. All that she heard was: hon uh! "Fancy being able to get rid of hiccups," laughed Mommy. "I guess Dad is allergic to spaghetti."

About midnight Daddy hiccuped again. This time it wasn't a small hiccup, or a middle-sized hiccup . . . but the biggest hiccup ever reported in the history of man! Not only that but it sent the bed clear into space! "Holy stars," exclaimed Mommy. "We're uh-uh on the moon," added Father.

Mommy and Daddy got out of bed and began walking on the moon. All of a sudden Father gave his last hiccup and they were gone. "The moon did it," said Mommy. "Now we know where to come if we can't get rid of hiccups."

Prep Three

First Prize

SUNRISE AND SUNSET

Shawna Newman

I awake in the morning. In the sky a hole shows. The sky is light blue and faintly pink while in the hole it is golden. Up, Up, Up, Up, Up, comes the sun through the hole. Up, Up, Up, Up, until it settles to shine where it must. The hole is mended by the hands of the sky.

In the sky's blue dress she sews a fluffy piece of cotton so it can't be seen.

Look out the window—the sea is drowsy. Its waves still wear their nightcaps.

The day has begun. All through the day I have wonderful times at the shore, listening to the sea and weaving hard leaves of different trees into spiders.

Suddenly the sun turns orange, yellow, blue, and purple. The sky turns pale with fright! Who has done a wrong? The black coat of the executioner comes in sight, and suddenly everyone knows why the sky grows paler and paler. The executioner comes closer and closer, and at last the sky is in the power of the executioner. The last gleam of the sword shows he has done away with the sky. Now we are left alone to face the TERRORS of the DARK.

Second Prize

THE BAT

Andrew Porter

The bat is a rat that flies.
I don't think it has any eyes;
It goes by radar I know that for sure.
It only peeps, but you think it would roar.
It comes out at night
Like a plane that's in flight.
In the days
When the sun gives out rays,
It starts sleeping,
And then it stops peeping.
It sleeps up-side-down
Like a crazy clown,
And then in the night
It takes off in flight
And may give you a fright.

Prep Two

First Prize

NEW YORK

Loren Tierney

New York is the place where I was born,
In the winter it's cold and in summer it's
warm.
In the subway it's dark,
but in Central Park,
I'm very fond,
of the little pond,
where we go to play,
almost every day.
And all my friends,
wear bellbottom pants.
Hippies are not rare at all,
some are little some are tall.
Some are dirty some are clean,
and some are sort of inbetween.
I suppose it would be a pity,
if New York weren't my favorite city.

Second Prize

WHY?

Lynda Medjuck

Why does the bluebird sing each morn?
Why do the crows eat the farmer's corn?
Why does the robin have a red breast?
Why doesn't the parrot sing like the rest?
Why is the sparrow so so small?
Why is the flamingo so so tall?
I think I know the answer.
If not I am in shame
But things would be quite boring
If they were made the same.

Prep One

First Prize

HOCKEY

Patrick McCarthy

When it's cold and icy I'm glad,
Cause it's time for hockey with all the lads.
We play on the road—
A ball or a puck;
With sticks and nets
We try our luck.
We play on the ice with helmets and skates.
We play very hard;
Getting goals is great.

Second Prize

SNOW

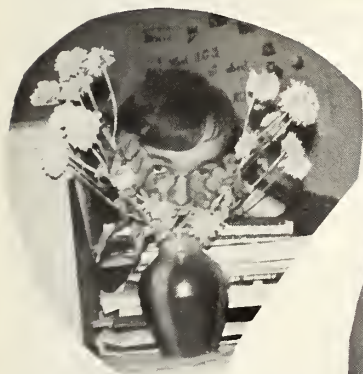
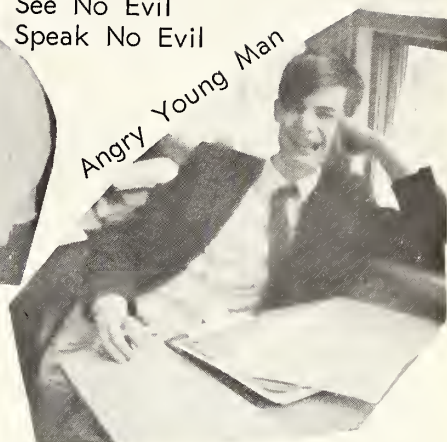
Russell Smith

Snow makes the world all
Like a giant snowball.
Snow makes me
Go out and play with glee.
But gee,
When it stops snowing it's not very nice,
Because of the ice
That cars make dirty at the side of the road
Till the salt truck comes along with its load.

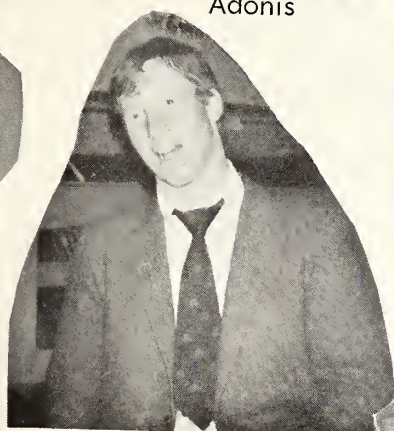


Hear No Evil
See No Evil
Speak No Evil

Angry Young Man



Ver-r-y Interesting



Adonis



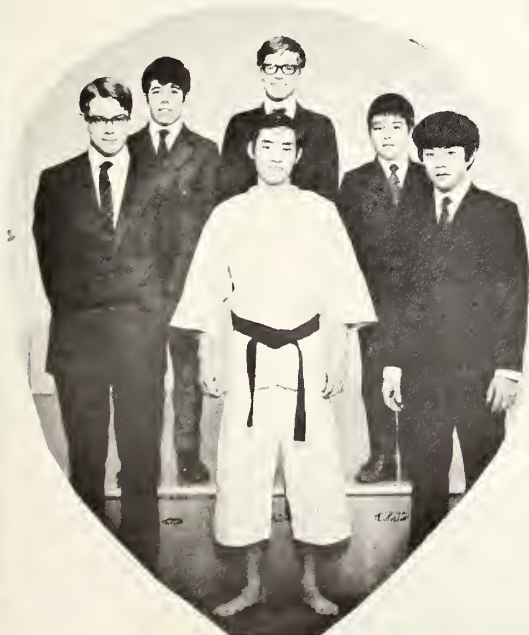
The Sceptic



Figaro - Figaro



Ecstasy



Discipline Squad



What's the Play, Coach?

Honorable Mention

A NEW-FOUND FRIEND

James Crosby

The boy sitting opposite Homer was his enemy.

The boy's name was Leroy. Although Homer had never met him before, he sensed that he was his enemy, but the hated blue and gold leather jacket confirmed his suspicions. Homer associated him with his blue and gold jacket which shrieked, "Enemy, Enemy!" into Homer's face.

"That's a nice rod," Leroy said, while looking at the stub-nosed Colt .45 police pistol that was on the table along with three bullets in front of them.

"Yea."

"Where did ya get it?" Leroy asked with a tone of admiration.

"I stole it off a beaten fuzz about two months ago," Homer answered. Leroy was staring at it. It was beginning to show signs of rust on the shiny blue finish. But it was oiled and in working order. Leroy thought it would fetch twenty bucks easy at the local hock shop that he knew too well.

"Let's get on with it," Homer said impatiently. "We don't want to be here all night."

"Yea, but before we. . . ." There was a long pause, then Leroy continued, "Look, I got no bad blood for you. I've never even saw you before."

"I've never saw you around either."

"This is just the way the gangs wanted it, two of us fight it out without a big street fight with the Law bustin' it and us."

"How come I haven't seen you around?" Homer asked Leroy as the question popped into his head. "Are you new around here?"

"Yea, we just moved here two weeks ago from the Bronx. But you got to admit you shouldn't have come down on our turf and messed up that guy."

"I've got to admit nothing."

"I know you by your green and yellow jacket and you know me by my blue and gold, and that's the only thing between us. I just want you to know how I feel about this thing."

"I understand."

"Let's get on with it," Leroy said, picking up the gun and a bullet. He broke it open and slipped the bullet into the cylinder. He spun it around and around. When it stopped he said, "That makes the odds five to one that the bullet will stop in the firing chamber. Dig?"

"Yea."

"I'll go first."

"Why," Homer asked suspiciously.

"Do you want to go first?"

"I dunno."

"Well then, look, I'm giving you a break. I might blow my head off on the first shot."

"Why are you giving me a break?"

Leroy looked at him as though he was going to say something but instead he put the gun to his temple and pulled the trigger with a little hesitation.

The click echoed about the basement wall.

"I didn't think I was goin' to go thro with it," Leroy said.

"I knew you would, cause you got guts."

"Your turn," Leroy said while he passed the gun to Homer. The basement was cold and Homer had worked a pretty good sweat when he took the gun. He was sure the firing pin would strike the percussion cap and send the bullet whizzing into his brain. He felt like shutting his eyes but he couldn't because the enemy was watching him. He finally pulled the trigger.

"Your turn again," Homer said grinning. Leroy took the gun and with a little reluctance pulled the trigger.

Click.

"This is a good way to lose weight," Leroy said, joking.

"Yea, I should tell my old lady about this. She must weigh about two hundred pounds."

Homer took the gun again and went with the same apprehension as he did the first time. He finally pulled the trigger.

Click.

To speed things up Leroy suggested that they add another bullet to the cylinder. Homer agreed so he broke the gun and added another bullet. After spinning the cylinder and some quick arithmetic, he announced, "That makes the odds two to one. That should speed things up."

"Yea," Homer said.

Leroy took the gun and pulled the trigger.

Click.

He handed the gun to Homer but before he could put it to his head, Leroy asked him, "You know your way round yet?"

"Yea, I guess."

"Ever been to the Central?" Leroy asked referring to Central Park.

"No."

"Me and my chick go there every Sunday and go rowing. It's lot of fun. You should try it. You gotta chick yet?"

"Yea," Homer said. "Hey, maybe some day we could get together and. . . ." He cut himself short, put the gun to his head and pulled the trigger.

Click.

"Let's make it an even game," Leroy said, talking about adding another bullet to make the odds even.

"I'm game."

"Let's make this the last spin too."

"I don't think the gang will like it if we don't settle this thing."

"You know where the gang can go."

"Yea," Homer said. "We can pick our own . . ." the word seemed to stick in his throat and when he said it, it was in a low voice . . . "friends."

"Hey, let's get together with our chicks and go rowing at the Central."

"Yea, that's a great idea," Homer said, smiling.

"I thought this was going to be rough, but we got to talk and we got some fun coming Sunday."

"Yea, let's let this be the last spin too."

Leroy took the gun and put it to his head.

The explosion rocked the small basement. The force of the bullet almost blew his head off. A shrill cry escaped from Homer's throat. He put his own head on the table and cried.

Honorable Mention

PEACE

Michele Raymond—M3

Peace lodged in the sun's face and smiled down upon the green valley. She heard the sound of an old woman singing as she thought of Peace's benefits. Peace saw children making mudpies, while their father worked in the fields.

She thought a little sadly of how she, Peace, had been nearly universal once. She thought, "These people have never known War, and Devastation. They are nearly the world's only people who don't know them."

Peace stayed.

She could almost touch her quiet, smell the love and trust in this, her last haven.

She stiffened. The quiet became strained. The sensation she felt was not recognizable to her at first, she had lodged for so long in this little hamlet. Then she saw children, older now, grow wan and haggard, and go from her spell as War approached.

Peace felt herself retreat, and shrink, becoming no more than a symbol of what had gone before.

P O E M E

Janet Still—U3

Chaque jour
J'attends
l'amour,
Mais il ne vient jamais.

Chaque jour
je cherche
la bonté
Mais il est rare, très rare.

Chaque jour
je désire
le bonheur
Mais il n'arrive guère.

Cependant
chaque jour,
je vois le mal,
je vois la haine,
je vois la tristesse.

Le monde n'est pas parfait.

OUR LAND

Pam Medjuck—M3

Who is it
 Who in youth has might
and knows not bondage ties?
Who is it
 whose allies are
 roaring seas
 illustrious skies?

Where can one find
 the royal majesty
 of her Rockies,
Where can one see
 The soft rolls
 of her Prairies?

Whose saviours are
 men who did
 for her sake
Whose heart lies in
 the soil, the tree,
 every lake.

Tell me who doesn't know
 of B.C.'s trees

 and totem-poles?
Show me
 Who has the vigor
 to match her Arctic's
 Ice and jagged knolls?
Who means
 the maple leaf, beaver,
 bison, and moose?
Who means
 the rabbit, coyote,
 and wild goose?

Who is Ottawa,
 Parliament,
 ten provinces, and two?
Who has the wisdom
 rarely found
 in the new?
The answer's the rock,
 the dove,
 and the hand;
The answer is Canada
 Yours, mine:
 our land.

THE FOG AND THE MIST

Bruce Maclean—P4

The fog and the mist roll in
Without any help from the wind
Rolling over the land
Covering it over like a hand
It slowly rises and disappears
Like water sinking through sand.

IF I WERE . . .

Christian Koppernaes—P3

If I were an ant so very very small . . .
If I were a giant so very very tall . . .
If I were an ant I would crawl along the
 floor,
If I were a giant I would not get through
 the door.
If I were a bird I would fly up high,
If I were a fox I would be very sly.

But I'm not an ant so very very small.
I'm not a giant so very very tall.
I'm not a bird that can fly up high.
I'm not a fox so very sly.
I am just plain dreamy old me,
And I'm as happy as can be.

Honorable Mention

ON THE ACQUISITION OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF OPERATING A MOTOR VEHICLE

Leah Edelstein—U3

There comes a time in every teenager's life when his whole character takes on an alarming change. It is at this time that he undergoes that drastic transition to adulthood. In this period of his life (circa fifteen years of age) parents begin to notice signs of "Driving Mania" which has been infecting their young. Symptoms come in the early stages of the disease and include day-dreaming and occasional moroseness; envy, the green-eyed monster, is brought out of its cage and let loose upon all owners—be they brothers, sisters, friends, or relatives—of . . . a driver's permit. In the family car, Dads often get the uneasy feeling that they are being watched and may catch a glimpse through the rear view mirror of a pair of penetrating eyes scrutinizing their every move. At such a time, too, they are subjected to an onslaught of startling questions: "Why did you push that little knob just now?", "How do you turn on the windshield wipers?", "Which way does the flicker go to signal left?"—The parent, however, need not be unduly alarmed. This stage is completely natural.

Of course, the reasons for this overwhelming desire to get behind the wheel vary from individual to individual. For some, this stage is as 'taken-for-granted' as shedding fins is to a tadpole. They get to the appropriate age and proceed as their brothers and fathers have done before them with no hesitation. For others the need arises, simply enough, from difficulties of transportation. Annoyed at being 'tied down' to their own two feet, they naturally wish to take advantage of their 'coming-of-age'. For others still, learning to drive is purely a matter of prestige. To them it offers an inflated status, the power to impress, the ability to "grant favours". Finally there are those who have no particular reason save that of duty to their parents. They seize this as the ideal opportunity to make some "waves" in the hitherto unruffled surface of parent-teenager relationship and increase the generation gap. They delightfully, if diabolically, take advantage of this occasion to assert their independence and cause their parents a little discomfort.

Whatever the reasons, the procedure is roughly the same. The "Driver's Handbook" is obtained. There is a great deal of fuss and bother and long tedious study (the weaker of heart are always put off by this part). With most there is procrastination. Finally all gather courage and apply for a beginners test. Contrary to false rumors (spread by foreseeing parents) candidates usually whisk through the test with no trouble at all. Everyone is greatly encouraged . . . except the parents.

Now the troubles begin. A driving school is considered but the idea is usually dismissed after a quick mental calculation (six dollars an hour, that's ten cents a minute, that's a cent every six seconds, that's a little extravagant). After several days of incessant nagging, the wearied parent is convinced to undertake the teaching himself. As everybody knows, the first time in a car can be quite a harrowing experience for both teacher and pupil. Hanging on with nail and tooth the parent alternates bellowing at the top of his lungs, breathing, praying, and covering his eyes while his son struggles in confusion. As time goes on, the two begin to gather experience—the one in teaching, the other in driving. The young driver learns to overcome fear as lights, signs, cars, trucks whiz by from every direction. He learns to make quick decisions. He is introduced to a new concept— that of being courteous.

The final step, however, is the most important. At last the new drivers are called to

show what they have learned. Some have nothing to show. Others slink to the examiner's office. The exam is an experience all of its own. Just one look at the examiner's cold, expressionless, masklike face is enough to make the bravest quiver like jelly. He seems to gloat over every mistake, gleefully marking crosses down his score sheet. Needless to say many fail. Others set out to "show him", and after ten or twenty tries, jubilantly defeat their enemy and pass the test.

For the driver the long struggle is over and at last he receives his award. For the parent the struggle has merely begun. Every evening comes the refrain, "Can I have the car tonight?". Then there's, "Well, it was only the fender" or, "Gee I was only going fifty miles an hour". And finally without fail comes, "Guess what! Bob got a new car of his own and next week is MY birthday!!".

Honorable Mention

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY

Loren Tierney—P2

In Germany we have Christmas on Christmas Eve. My grandmother has lots of angels, wood people, chocolate figures, and balls to hang on the Christmas tree. Every Christmas we go to a little cafe and drink hot chocolate to wait. We wait there because Santa is decorating the tree and putting the presents under it. When we get home the candles are burning and everything feels so cozy. My grandmother has a little figure of Christ in the cradle made of wood that she puts under the tree on a wooden stool. On top of the tree she puts a star that shines beautifully through the darkness. She has little men where you put something like a candle inside and smoke comes out of the man's pipe. They always smell so nice with everything shining and glittering. After we have looked at all those pretty things, we open the presents, which is fun too. After that the grown-ups talk and my brother and I are allowed to stay up as long as we want to.

Honorable Mention

DAN IN BED

Robert MacLelland

A thin shaft of light burst through the bedroom window and pricked at Dan's eyes as he lay in bed. Another morning had come. The tormenting sun had brought forth a new day. The boy's eyes fluttered as he awoke, squinting from the light. He glanced around his bare, cold room. Then suddenly as if his chest had been hit with a sledge-hammer, his heart sank. Was he to be wrenched from his warm nest and thrust into a bowl of freezing cereal again? Did he have to face another agonizing, dreary day with the same old routine, the same old people?

He lay snug in his bed, the covers tugged around his neck, but the cold air pressed against his thin face. The cold of his room lifted the heaviness of sleep from his dark eyes. Still he was dreary and tired. His mind, like his body, was awakening to the world. Thoughts flashed through him and with each he grew more depressed.

He contemplated the long walk to school and how the snow and slush gets in the holes in his boots and makes his socks soggy. He thought about arriving late at school as he did always, it seemed. The school door would creak and shriek enough to pierce ears. Then everybody in the whole school would know he was late again and they would stare as he walked into the classroom. The teachers would give him dirty looks because they were crazy about attendance reports and forms.

Dan remembered that this day was speech day and that he'd have to give a short talk or speech in class. It was a fate worse than death. He hated public speaking and he was scared of making a fool of himself by saying something stupid or by forgetting his lines. Thinking about this torture made his stomach tight and "knotty".

He thought about the kids at school. They avoided him because they were all snobs. Dan despised them and he cursed to himself.

It was getting late. Dan's mother began to call him with her shrill, irritating voice. His thoughts switched to her. He made no reply. She reminded him of how he had to work after school. He'd have to start right away at the piles of homework he got. He'd have to wash the dishes and slave all night at chores and studies. He would finally fall into bed, exhausted, at some late hour.

Dan was "pretty low" now. Somehow, he knew that he had to get up soon, and this bothered him. His cocoon was warm and the thought of leaving its coziness only intensified his depression. Dan moaned as he considered his lot. What had he done to deserve such punishment? As he lay there he said to himself that it just wasn't worth the suffering to arise and tackle the world. Though he felt a pang of guilt, he rolled over, curled up, and eventually drifted off to sleep.

The Student Council

This year's Senior School Student Council has sponsored such undertakings as an informal dance held in November in conjunction with the Convent at the Convent, and a "Ranafto" involving dancing, games, and a Coffee House, in January. The Student Council also organized and operated the annual Winter Carnival held at St. Mary's Rink on March 21, including, among many other exciting activities, a costume contest, and featuring a radio raffle won by Christopher von Maltzahn, and a broomball game, Staff versus Students, won by the Staff. Funds have been raised by a successful slave auction, and a chocolate bar sale, this year involving inter-house competition.

The Middle School Student Council, as well as running the chocolate bar sale with the Senior School Student Council, has sponsored on its own a very profitable penny auction and the showing of the film *Nobody Waved Good-Bye*.



SENIOR SCHOOL STUDENT COUNCIL

First row, left to right: R. MacLelland, D. Goldbloom, S. Nichols, P. Talbot, J. Glube. Second row: M. Lat-
ter, F. McGuire, Mrs. Cassidy, J. Doull, D. Hirsch.



MIDDLE SCHOOL STUDENT COUNCIL

Front row, left to right: R. Quigley, P. Richardson, A. Grantmyre, G. Auld, D. Newman. Second row: Mrs. Crocker, V. Grant, C. Matheson, R. Finley, E. Lim, R. Aterman.



MIDDLE SCHOOL DEBATING CLUB

First row, left to right: A. Clark, V. Byrom, J. Grantmyre, A. Grantmyre, R. Quigley, R. Cohn, P. Murphy, A. Gillis. Second row: H. Conter, J. Schwartz, P. Medjuck, M. Masson, D. Haldane, A. Lynk, G. Youle, P. Richardson, G. Auld, A. Merchant, M. Burnstein. Third row: W. Mayo, P. Whitby, R. Aterman, R. Flint, D. Ottman, J. Grantmyre, D. Newman, M. Pugsley, D. Price. Fourth row: Mrs. Crocker, A. Shaw, R. Finley, C. Piercey, V. Grant, B. Oland, V. McGuire, T. Manuge, E. Jannasch, P. Price, S. Hawkins, M. Newman.

Math Club



MATH CLUB EXECUTIVE

First row, left to right: M. Monahan, J. Still, W. Price, L. Edelstein. Second row: D. Tingley, A. Finley, Mrs. Cassidy.

This year the Math Club organized a series of lectures on mathematical subjects not normally covered in the algebra course. Each member of the club picked a topic that interested him or her. The member then undertook to read up on his (her) topic and give a short talk on the basic features of the topic, explaining the terms, ideas, methods, and other details that we could not ask the professor to waste his time on.

In other words we boned up on the topic to prevent our ignorance showing through. This talk was given a week before the day on which the professor from Dalhousie came.

There was a total of four talks given in this series. The first was given by Dr. Roberts on October 1. He spoke on number theory. This lecture was followed by one on Novem-

ber 24. It was given by Dr. Thompson on Functional Analysis. The third lecture was given by Dr. Kirby, who spoke on December 1 on "Operations Research". Dr. Kirby returned to Math Club on January 27, accompanied by Professor Bitterlich from "Tech." to explain the business game to the people taking part in it. The final talk was given by Dr. Field on "Games Theory" on February 10.

All of these talks were interesting, and in this field we would like to thank Mr. Cassidy who gleefully turned over the names of members of the Dalhousie Mathematics Department. The Math Club rounded out its activities by a party at Dr. Tingley's house during the Easter vacation. All in all it was a good year.



UPPER SCHOOL DEBATING TEAM

First row, left to right: M. Monahan, W. Price. Second row: Mr. Benvie, D. Goldbloom.

Upper School Debating

The weekend of January 16-January 19, 1970, marked one of the more hopeful experiments in Canadian togetherness. Invited by Trinity College School to participate in a debating seminar, students from all across Canada converged on Port Hope, Ontario, to debate the resounding resolution that "The Pullulation of our cities can be a blessing". Pullulation, in case you are interested, means an organic growth, a budding, a sprouting; thus, urban sprawl to the negative side of the debate, vital growth to the affirmative.

Friday evening, the teams were treated to a dinner and party—the teams helping by putting on skits in regional groupings.

Saturday morning was devoted to lectures and seminars on urban planning, transportation, economics, and public housing. During the afternoon, there were two rounds of debating—giving each team a chance to argue for both the affirmative and the negative. This intellectual activity was followed by about an hour of volleyball and swimming—an appreciated contrast.

The evening featured an impromptu speaking contest and an open parliamentary session. The adjudication followed and awards were presented. David Goldbloom won an album as first prize for his speech on "Acorns" in the impromptu speaking contest.

Sunday, debaters visited Trent University, a modern campus in Peterborough, Ontario, and Toronto, where they were treated to a show at the McLaughlin Planetarium and an excellent party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Osler.

Monday, the debaters visited the Ontario Science Centre and Upper Canada College.

In all, the trip was an enjoyable and successful venture. The debaters learned a lot about each other, and about the problems of Canada's cities.

Library

This year we have been fortunate to have an enthusiastic group of librarians, consisting of Mrs. Scobbie of the staff, Michael Monahan, Allen Finley, William Price, Philip Evans, and Erica Glube, of the student body. With the help of the study carrels, we have begun to make our library a more quiet and peaceful place to work in. About half way into the first term, we found that the Senior School Library was growing constantly, and that if we didn't do something about it, we would soon have no room for new books. So, to reduce the congestion, the Lower School books were moved downstairs, so that the Senior Library had room to expand. Now, in the third term, with over seven hundred books having been added to the library this year, we find that although we still have some room for expansion in the near future, we have to think of a new place to house our growing library.



THE LIBRARIANS

First row, left to right: M. Monahan, Mrs. Scobbie, E. Glube.
Second row: A. Finley, W. Price.

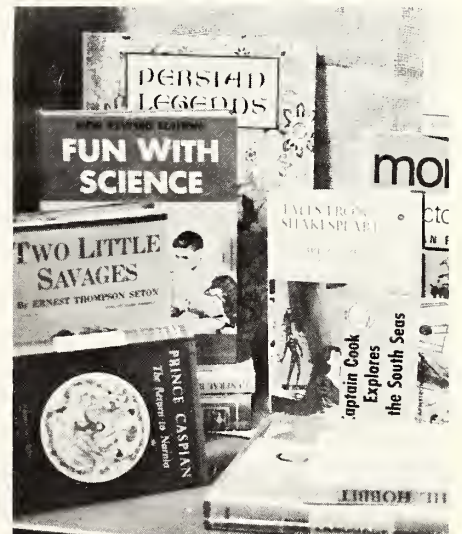
Some of the new books we have acquired this year are:

NON-FICTION

Great Sea Battles—Oliver Warner
Arts in Canada—Malcolm Ross
Les Merveilles du XXI^{ème} Siècle—Bernard Domeyrat
Wisdom of the West—Bertrand Russell

FICTION

Lord of the Rings—Tolkien
The Fixer—Bernard Malamud
The Duke of War—Walter O'Meara



Middle School Quiz Club



MIDDLE ONE AND TWO

First row, left to right: G. Clark, H. Glube, J. Schwartz, P. Whitby, P. Hunt, D. Price.
 Second row: J. Welch, J. Grantmyre, A. Grantmyre, M. Sullivan, Mrs. Crocker, A. Clark, M. Burnstein, C. Schandl, K. Gordon.
 Third row: K. Honig, M. Masson, T. Manuge, C. Morrow, J. Mingo, J. Lindgren, M. Newman, E. Jannasch, P. Aterman, S. Hawkins, D. Ottman.
 Fourth row: H. Conter, R. Boyd, R. Flint, M. Kehoe, P. Richardson, N. Palmer, A. Lynk, N. von Maltzahn.



MIDDLE THREE AND FOUR

First row, left to right: M. Raymond, A. Merchant, P. Medjuck, G. Youle, R. Quigley, P. Murphy, G. Auld, A. Gillis, C. Matheson.
 Second row: D. Guy, V. Grant, V. McGuire, D. Murray, J. Grantmyre, C. Piercey, D. Newman, R. Aterman, P. Price, Mrs. Crocker.
 Third row: J. Neal, C. Brandys, A. Shaw, D. Hogan, E. Mitchell, S. Masson, K. Norwood, J. Greening, J. McAuley, R. Rankin.

Chess



SENIOR TEAM

First row, left to right: I. Youle, A. Finley, W. Price, H. Barton, F. McGuire.
Second row: P. Merchant, M. Monahan, Dr. Morris, G. Heggie, J. Glube.

The Chess Club consists of a Senior and a Junior group. During the Christmas vacation, the Senior Club placed seventh in the annual Bluenose Chess Tournament.

After Christmas we joined the newly-established Halifax Chess League and began a

period of gruelling training. Subsequently, the Junior Team lost its first match to St. Pat's team; it redeemed itself with a convincing win in a rematch. The Senior Team, competing in the Halifax Division, placed second, being out-played only by Q.E.H.



JUNIOR TEAM

First row, left to right: G. Youle, R. Hirsch, P. Wainwright, D. Wainwright, R. Aterman.
Second row: J. Longley, E. Simpson, Dr. Morris, D. Joudrey, G. Buhr, P. Price.



First row, left to right: J. McAuley, R. Aterman, Mr. Bradon, D. Newman, C. Brandys, P. Price.
Second row: H. Corston, L. Edelstein, D. Hirsch, J. Still, D. Goldbloom.

French Drama

Two classes have chosen plays from their French literature courses to perform this year. Upper 3 has selected three scenes from *Topaze* by Pagnol. This comedy is about a naive, but honest, teacher who gets mixed up with crooks after being fired from his job at a snobbish boarding school. Eventually he becomes a skilful, corrupt businessman who sets up a firm of his own. The moral? Honesty does *not* pay. Middle 4 have been working on another humorous play, *Le Poltron Cour-*

ageux. The story tells of an attempted theft and a young coward who turns courageous.

Rehearsals began in January, and everyone was very busy memorizing lines, practising on the stage, searching for costumes, and making sets. Each play was presented twice during Open House and was received enthusiastically. There were many comments about the natural delivery of the lines and the authentic accent, intonation, and rhythm with which the students created a group of convincing characters.



First row, left to right: A. Merchant, L. Tingley, G. Youle, D. Newman, A. Gillis, P. Murphy.
 Second row: A. Lim, D. Murray, Mrs. Fox, D. Joudrey, N. Hill, C. Piercey, G. Auld.
 Third row: V. Grant, V. McGuire, B. Oland, J. Greening, E. Mitchell, P. Wainwright.

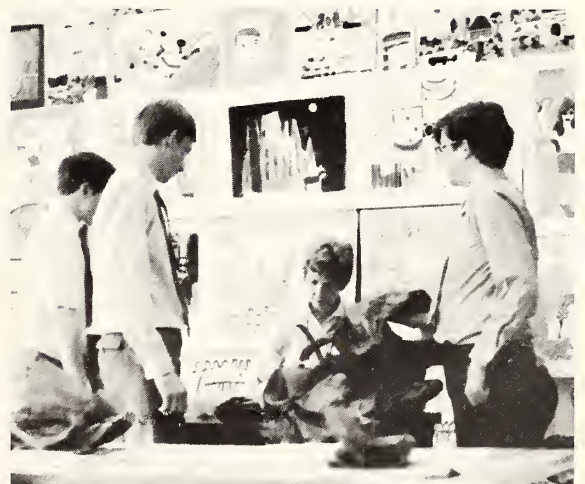
Art Club

Art Club is a thriving group of students interested in some of the finer things in our school. Art Club is open to students from Middle 3 to Upper 4.

During Art Club which is from 3.30 to 5.00 every Wednesday, students have a chance to carry out projects using the facilities of the art room and, perhaps a little advice from Mrs. Fox.

Art Club gives the members a chance to unwind from the school routine.

We hope that the Art Club will continue next year and that some of this year's Upper 1 will continue as members even though they no longer will have art classes in Upper 2.





M. Monahan, I. Youle, J. Welbourn, R. MacLelland, D. Goldbloom.

Reach for the Top

This year is the second time the Halifax Grammar School has played in the "Reach For the Top" series on C.B.C. television. This year we decided to pick the team through a "Quiz Club". That is, each house selected a team of four which played against the teams of the other houses. The school team was made up of the students with the highest scores in the preliminaries.

David Goldbloom, Michael Monahan, John Welbourn, Ian Youle, and Robert MacLelland, as substitute, were the members of the team. Preparation consisted of art and music assemblies twice or three times each week for the entire Upper School, plus a grueling final hour of coaching for the team. Thus pre-

pared, we waited for our first game.

Sir John A. Macdonald High from Five Islands Lake was our first victim. We managed to beat them 480-255. Then we had to play St. Patrick's High School. Last year St. Pat's reached the regional finals. St. Pat's has about sixteen hundred students. But "Reach For the Top" is not the Bible, and our "David" was defeated by their "Goliath", 440-350.

St. Pat's in its turn, was defeated by Halifax West. But we are in good company, for four of the best teams were placed in our round, so it was no dishonour to lose in this competition.

And there is still next year.

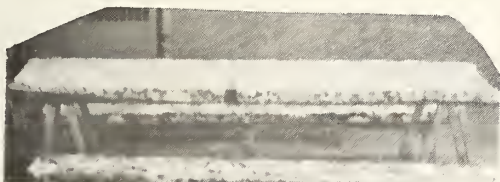


First row, left to right: D. Hirsch, W. Lim, D. Goldbloom, A. MacLachlan, E. Lim, L. Edelstein.
Second row: Mr. Karr, D. Wainwright, G. Crosby, I. Youle, C. von Maltzahn, P. Price, D. Newman.

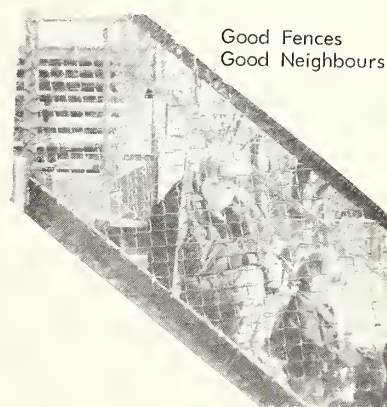
Photography Club

The Photography Club started this year with an enthusiastic membership of thirteen would-be Karshes. Our first several meetings consisted of explanations of the functions of a camera and the methods of developing and printing. Later, a successful practical demon-

stration of film developing took place. As soon as we can get a darkroom properly equipped, we plan to mount rotating displays. In the meantime, however, we are preparing an Open House exhibition. Then we will see what develops!

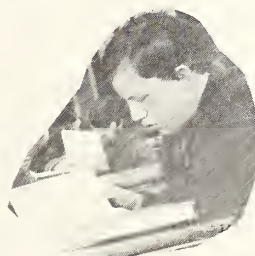


Flower Power in the Lunchroom



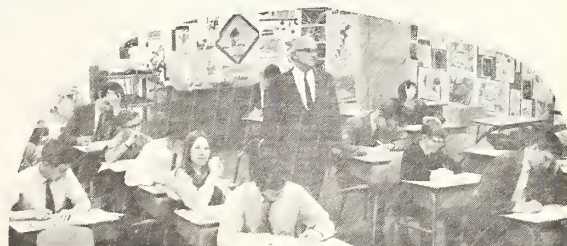
Good Fences
Good Neighbours

You'll Have a Long Grey Beard before . . .



Engrossed

The Great Invigilator



Assemblies



This year our assemblies have greatly increased in variety. As well as art and music, assemblies have included films on a wide range of subjects such as Apollo XI's voyage to the moon, and urban problems as discussed by Lewis Mumford in an informative and convincing series. The city was also featured when the Upper School Debating Team argued the question of whether "urban pollution can be a blessing". Later David Goldbloom gave us an entertaining resume of the team's trip to Ontario.

Earlier in the year we heard an interesting and humorous account from Francis McGuire of his adventures or misadventures—for instance, his embracing of Mr. Stanfield—in Hull, where he represented the school as a young voyageur.

One assembly emphasized politics, in the form of a Parliamentary Debate in which

about thirty students presented and heatedly supported or protested against various bills and reforms, such as an anti-pollution bill, a list of measures intended to further Canada's economic development, and an Education Bill suspected of being unconstitutional.

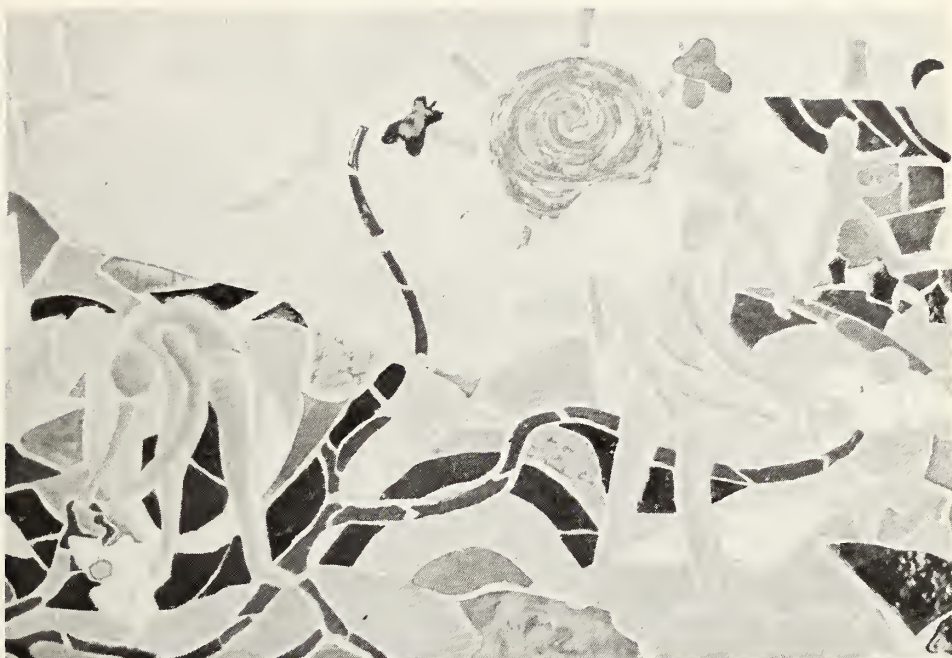
In other assemblies we have occupied ourselves with such things as watching exciting inter-house quiz competition, hearing from Dr. Honig on learning behaviour in psychology, and attending the annual symphony concert; this year, works by Bizet, Haydn, and Tchaikovsky were played.

And meanwhile, of course, we have been

making the acquaintance of artists—Holbein, Utrillo, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cezanne, to mention only a few and their paintings, and of composers—Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and many more—and their music. With the acquisition of stereo equipment early in the year, facilities for listening to music have been considerably improved.

On Friday mornings, the audio-visual room is often occupied by the lower forms, who take it in turns to prepare and present little plays of their own creation, e.g., *This Band of Beggars and Rogues*, or *Jack and the Beanstalk*.

Hockey



The junior, intermediate, and senior hockey programs were outstanding. The juniors, directed by Dr. Clarke, practised enthusiastically and played several exciting exhibition games; the victory over Bedford was the season's highlight. The prospects for the future are encouraging.

The intermediates, under Mr. Benvie, beat Rockingham 6-0, and lost to Armdale 4-3 and 10-1.

The senior team, meanwhile, showed similar desire in battling to three wins over Dart-

mouth Academy: 3-1, 6-3, 7-0, and to near misses against Graham Creighton (1-15), King's College School (3-7, 1-10), and Rockingham. A five-goal output by Chris von Maltzahn highlighted the third Academy game. The fathers versus the seniors game proved that the old-timers still had something left, as they beat the boys 9-4. Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Benvie put the athletes through their paces on Saturday mornings and Monday afternoons, tuning them for the rugged schedule of "home" games and road trips to Windsor and Dartmouth.



SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

First row, left to right: A. Gillis, D. Goldbloom, J. Crosby, G. Heggie, P. Bryson, G. Crosby.
 Second row: G. Campbell, D. Hogan, C. von Maltzahn, B. Medjuck, A. MacLachlan, R. Grant, Mr. Benvie.
 Third row: R. Richardson, C. Gluek, F. McGuire, R. MacLelland.
 Absent: Mr. L. McCarthy.



INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY TEAM

First row, left to right: A. Gillis, P. Murphy, M. Burnstein, A. MacLachlan, G. Heggie, P. Bryson, G. Crosby.
 Second row: G. Campbell, D. Hogan, C. von Maltzahn, B. Medjuck, R. Grant, Mr. Benvie.
 Third row: S. Acker, R. Richardson, D. Black, A. Gillis, J. McAuley.



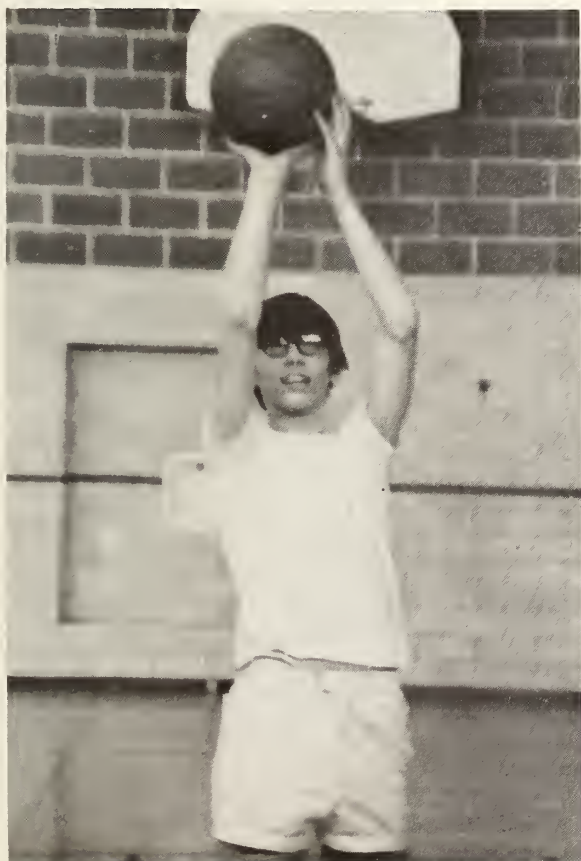
PREP HOCKEY TEAM

First row, left to right: P. McCarthy, W. Manzig, P. Aterman, J. Williams, J. Ritchie, P. Farmer, P. Buell, P. Atherton.
 Second row: Dr. Clark, M. Hawkins, D. Carver, B. Maclean, B. Maclean, L. Fox, J. Mackay, S. Byrom, R. Merchant.
 Third row: R. Cohn, B. Fairn, T. Terriss, R. Aterman, T. Manuge, S. Hawkins, R. Oland, H. Conter, A. Clark.
 Fourth row: G. Clark, M. Burnstein, M. Kehoe, P. Richardson, P. Macnab, C. Morrow, D. Ritchie, A. Lynk, M. Pugsley, P. Aterman, R. Boyd.



BASKETBALL TEAM

First row, left to right: A. MacLachlan, J. Welbourn, E. Simpson, K. Vaughan, B. Medjuck, E. Lim.
 Second row: Mr. Benvie, R. Richardson, J. Crosby, V. Slauenwhite, C. Gluek, W. Lim, R. Grant, M. Burnstein.



Basketball

For the first time in Grammar School history, we had a basketball team, originated and coached by Mr. Robert Benvie, which fouled, shot, and rebounded its way to a creditable 3-3 record. We handily defeated Oxford Street School 24-19, Cornwallis Jr. High 27-19, and the teachers 50-35. Our Nemesis though, was the Park Victoria Panthers, who, led by their playmaker "Bouncing Bob", just managed to defeat us three times by the scores of 50-25, 48-47 and 60-40. Had it not been for Mr. Benvie's generous contributions of time and effort and the Student Council's donation toward the purchase of jerseys, we could not possibly have had so satisfactory a season.

Soccer



SENIOR SOCCER TEAM

First row, left to right: D. Wainwright, B. Medjuck, W. Lim, K. Vaughan, M. Burnstein, G. Crosby.
 Second row: F. McGuire, C. von Maltzahn, D. Joudrey, Mr. Johnstone, J. Welbourn, E. Simpson, A. MacLachlan, D. Goldbloom.
 Third row: M. Quigley, R. Richardson, H. Corston, J. Crosby, R. Grant.

For the first time, our school soccer team was part of an established league and finished in 3rd place. The H.G.S. eleven also played several exhibition games and won twice against our across-the-harbour rival, Dartmouth Academy. The season started badly, but very soon our coach, Mr. Johnstone, whipped the team into shape. Our team has been improving steadily and prospects appear

good for next year. Only three of this year's team are leaving and many excellent players are being developed in the prep and middle schools' soccer programs which have been successfully run on inter-school competition.

We hope that our enthusiastic spectator supporters, led by Dr. Morris and Mrs. Scobie, will continue to cheer us on in the coming season.



MIDDLE SCHOOL SOCCER TEAM

First row, left to right: P. Richardson, A. Gillis, E. Lim, M. Pugsley, A. Lynk.
 Second row: C. Brandys, G. Buhr, Mr. Spencer, P. Price, J. Grantmyre, R. Finley.
 Third row: D. Haldane, J. Neal, D. Hogan, E. Jannasch, G. Auld.



SKI TEAM

First row, left to right: P. Merchant, J. Welbourn.
Second row: D. Rhude, C. Gluek.

Skiing

Do you believe it? Well, the ski team certainly doesn't. They're so frustrated that they don't know if they're coming or going. You know what I mean, all that snow, that beautiful pure white snow, so white, so light, so much, so . . . , so . . . That's a laugh; all eight inches of it.

After innumerable prophesies in November of a long, cold winter, skiers in Nova Scotia want a new prophet. The skiing in Nova Scotia this year was worse than terrible; it was pathetic. In fact, it was so bad that part of the team had to head out of the province to get some decent skiing. Alan Sidoxov skied at Sugarloaf, that immense New England ski resort, during the Easter

break, as well as several times at Wentworth and Mount Martok. John Welbourn headed for the mountains in Upper Canada. He skied at the fabulous resorts around Collingwood, Ontario, and also at Holiday Valley in northern New York State. And Chuck Gluek on his brand new, red hot, Rossignol Stratos skied once at Wentworth.

These five hotshots will be praying for lots of snow next year and it is hoped that every skier will pray. In fact there is a prayer used by all skiers in times of such a catastrophe.

Dear-----, (insert deity of your choice)

HELP



BADMINTON TEAM

First row, left to right: K. Vaughan, W. Lim, K. Chopra.
Second row: J. Welbourn, E. Lim, C. Gluek.

Table-Tennis and Badminton

For the first time this year, H.G.S. has been represented on television in a provincial sports show, namely TT '70. The players, William Lim, Derek Hogan, and Kenneth Vaughan, played a calibre of table tennis that was equalled only by Q.E.H. The first game played was against Sydney Academy whom we promptly dispatched with a score of 42-17. The second game that we played was against Q.E.H.

The program showed the best table tennis seen on that series. We lost that game 43-31. However, our main objective was accomplished: that of showing the province that H.G.S. as a school has more than mere academic standing.

The badminton team should look forward to furthering this goal in the up-and-coming city competition. They have been practising faithfully at the "Y" in anticipation of this event.



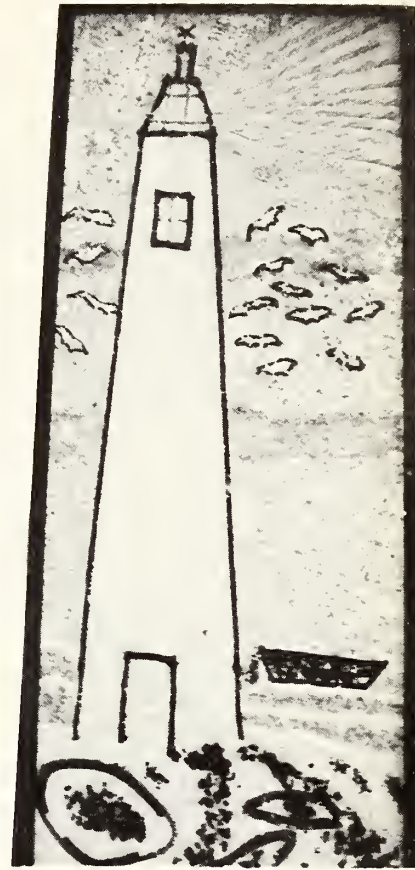
TABLE TENNIS

D. Hogan, K. Vaughan.

Student Art



David Newman, William Lim, Philip Evans



Paul Price



David Newman

Students in the Community



A year ago a group of young people and adults, aware of the need for more meaningful contact between today's youth and "the establishment" formed an organization called The Halifax Youth Communications Society. Its purpose was to provide food and lodging for transient youth, to provide a drop-in centre for transient and local youth, and to act as liaison between existing social services and young people. Dalhousie University donated a house, which was used most effectively last summer. Provided for transient and local youth were food and lodging, a medical clinic, legal help, a drop-in centre, and help for people on drugs. It is hoped this year that the Federal Government will make a grant to the organization, so the work can be carried on and expanded.

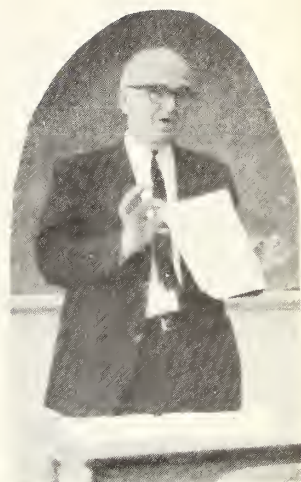
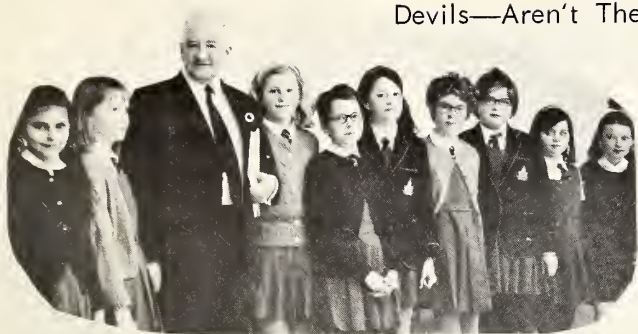
Sheri Richardson, one of the founding group and a tireless worker for those who need the services of the centre, stands in front of the house which may serve as headquarters this summer. It goes without saying we are proud of Sheri's contribution to this worth-while cause.

BILINGUALISM IN ACTION

Francis McGuire and David Goldbloom stand before the entrance of C.B.C. on Bell Road to symbolize their participation in the program of the Nova Scotia Department of Education to provide instruction in French via both radio and TV. For some time Francis has been one of a group making tapes for radio broadcast to the schools of the Province. Recently, both boys have been engaged to take part in a series of episodes to be video taped for telecasting next year. Naturally, we are proud that some of our students can make so distinct a contribution to the cause of bilingualism in the Province.



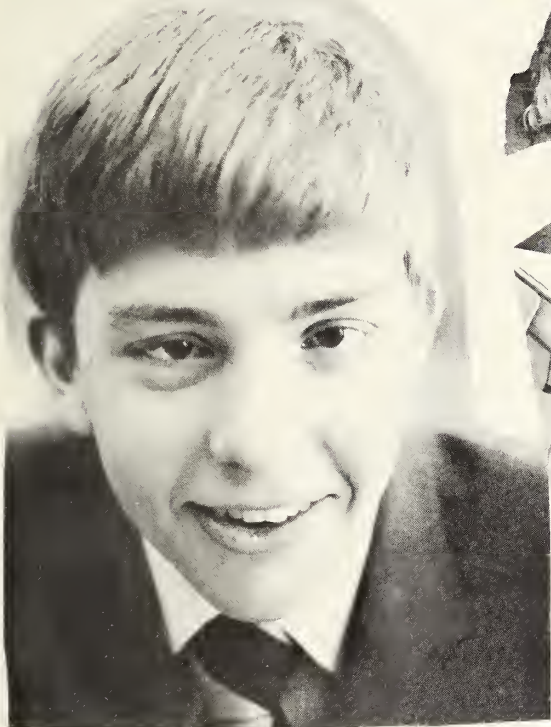
Devils—Aren't They?



Just a Peek

Monarch of
All She Surveys

You Failed!



No
Cheating

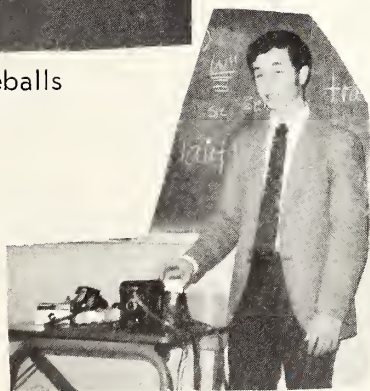


Well, What Do You Suggest?
It Must Be Here . . .

Renegade Eyeballs



Our
New
Projectionist



Photography Can Be
Exciting



Yes-Men

Tense
Moment





The Thinker



House is Called to Order



"That Can't Be Right"

I Know His Morale
Needs Boosting



Here Is the C.B.C. News



Roman Circus



Intermission



H. G. S. Players

Pilgrimage

Concentration



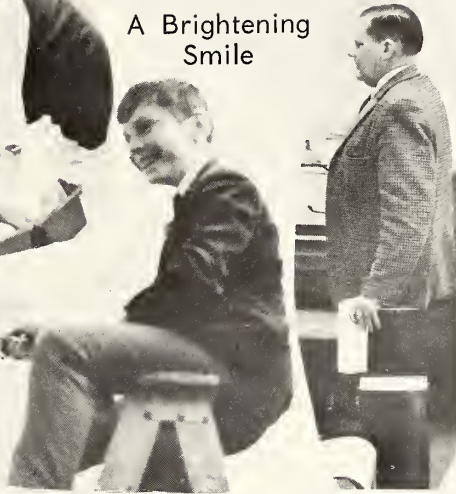
The Game's Getting Rough



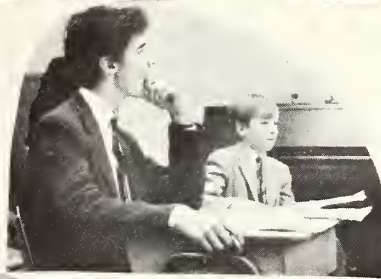


Three Heads are Better than Two

A Brightening Smile



... Linked Swariness Long
Drawn Out ...



Let Us Consider



That's the Way the Ball Bounces



Watch the Birdie



"... Said the Spider to the Fly"



Leggo!



Buddies



Innocence in Song



Isn't This a Happy Song?



Barnyard



Terrible Ten

Let
Us
Pray



What a High!



HGS Philharmonic



Round 1



People in
Conflict



Casey at the
Bat



Gee, I'm Hungry



Got a Light?



Keyhole Address



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